But tell me, where is princely *Richmond* now?
Chri. At *Pembrooke*, or at *Hertford* west in *Wales*.
Dar. What men of name resort to him?
Chri. Sir *Walter Herbert*, a renowned souldier,
Sir *Gilbert Talbot*, sir *William Stanley*,
Oxford, redoubted *Pembrooke*, sir *Iames Blunt*,
Rice ap *Thomas*, with a valiant crew,
With many more of noble fame and worth,
And towards *London* they doe bend their course,
If by the way they be not fought withall.
Dar. Returne vnto my Lord, commend me to him
Tell him, the Queene hath hartilie consented
He shall espouse *Elizabeth* her daughter,
These Letters will resolue him of my mind,
Farewell. *Exeunt.*

Enter Buckingham to execution.

Buc. Will not King *Richard* let me speake with him?
Rat. No my Lord, therefore be patient.
Buc. Hastings, and *Edwards* children, *Riuers*, *Gray*,
Holie King *Henry*, and thy faire sonne *Edward*.
Vaughan, and all that haue miscarried,
By vnderhand corrupted; foule iniustice,
If that your moodie discontented soules,
Do through the cloudes behold this present houre,
Euen for reuenge: mocke my destruction:
This is All-soules day fellowes, is it not?
Rat. It is my Lord.
Buc. Why then all-soules, daie is my bodies Doomesday:
This is the day that in King *Edwards* time
I wisht might fall one me when I was found
False to his children, or his wiues allies:
This is the day where in I wisht to fall,
By the false faith of him I trusted most:
This is all-soules day, to my fearefull soule,
Is the determined, despite of my wronges:
That high all-seer that I dallied with,
Hath turnd my fained praier one my head,
And giuen in earnest what I begd in iest.
Thus doth he force the sword of wicked men

To turne their points on their maisters
Now *Margrets* curse is fallen vpon my
When he quoth she, shall split thy heart
Remember *Margret* was a propheteſſ
Come sirs, conuey me to the blocke of
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame th

Enter Richmond with drumes

Rich. Fellowes in armes, and my mo
Bruis'd vnderneath the yoake of tyran
Thus farre into the bowels of the land
Haue we marcht on without impedim
And heere receiue we from our father S
Lines of faire comfort, and encouragem
The wretched, bloody, and vsurping bo
That spoil'd your sommer-field, and f
Swils your warme blood like wash, an
In your imboweld bosome, this foule s
Lies now euen in the center of this Isle,
Neere to the towne of *Leicester* as we
From *Tamworth* thither, is but one da
In Gods name cheare on, couragious f
To reape the harueſt of perpetuall peac
By this one bloudie triall of sharpe war
1 *Lor.* Euery mans conscience is a th
To fite against that bloudie homicide.
2 *Lor.* I doubt not but his friends wi
3 *Lor.* He hath no friends but who a
Which in his greateſt need will shrinke
Rich. all for our aduantage, then in G
True hope is swift, and flies with swal
Kings it makes Gods, and meaner cre
Enter King Richard, Nor. Ratcliffe,
King. Heere pitch our tents, euen he
Why how now *Catesby*, why lookeſt
Cat. My heart is ten times lighter the
King. Norfolke, come hither:
Norfolke, we must haue knockes ha, m
Nor. We must both giue and take, m
King. Vp with my tent, heere will I

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22320) LONDON, 1629 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.52)